Vol. VI. Numb. 51

THE OBSERVATOR.

The French *run for it in* Flanders. *The Effect of the* French *King's making Detachments. The* Review's *Calculations. The Reason why the* Observator *takes up the* Review. *Great Hopes of* Thoulon, *from our* Gazette. *Of the abominable Lies on the* Paris Gazette. *Of the Pretensions to the Principality of* Neufchattel.

From Saturday, August 23. to Wednesday, August 27. 1707.

Country-m. LET us, according to your Promise, proceed in our Discourse about foreign Affairs. We must look sometimes at Home, and sometimes Abroad; and if we do but talk to please our Selves, and let the honest Country *Hicks* have true Notions of Things, 'tis well enough.

Obs. Then, *Roger*, we'll take a View of the Duke of *Marlborough*'s Army; will that please you?

Country-m. Aye, Master: But what do you think of your Wager you laid me, that the Duke of *Marlborough* would fight the *French* before the 10th of *September* next?

Obs. I hold it still: They are running, and the Duke is following; and had it not been for the excessive Rains but a little While ago, that Business had been decided before this Time.

Country-m. Ah, Master; the *French* will be too hard for his Grace; his Grace does not understand running; he has never been us'd to it. Now, the *French*, that have been beaten so often, and run away so often, make one Pair of Legs, worth two Pair of Hands: They are light Fellows, all Racers; and I think you Schollards say, *Timor addit Pedibus*; Fear adds to their Flight. Poor frighted Creatures! they will run like the *Gaderenes* Swine.

Obs. The Duke of *Marlborough* is pursuing them; the *French* must run in order, or they break their Army, lose their heavy Baggage and Cannon; without which, they will be a sorry Army. Now, the Duke following them so close as he does, I don't question, but in a few Marches, he will get an Opportunity to engage them. But observe, by the Way, the Effects of the *French* King's making Detachments? how he weakens his Armies, and exposes them to all the Hazzards of War, to prevent, if possible, the fatal Stroke at *Thoulon*.

Country-m. Now you talk of *Thoulon*, Mr. *Review* is upon that Subject; and he is of Opinion the Town will be taken.

Obs. What does taking the Town signify, when he has found out for the *French* King, so many Equivalents to make good the Loss?

Country-m. But he tells us some good News: He says, that there are at least 18000 *Imperial* Regiments.

Obs That's a swinging Number! 18000 Regiments, at 1000 Men in a Regiment! Let him reckon again, and give us an exact Account how many Men 18000 Regiments do make?

Country-m. Master, how many *Marines* are there in *English* Pay, on board the Fleet? Because Mr. *Equivalent* says a little lower, that if the Land Army be streighten'd, the Confederate Fleet may lend 'em 300 Marines.

Obs. A wonderful Reinforcement! Much to the Honour of the *British* Arms, has he made this Observation! As if we could spare but 300 Marines, when we have 6000 in *English* Pay, who are appointed for Land-Service, as Occasion requires: And I fancy too, we may spare 'em some Thousands of our Sailors, upon any Emergency. Besides, who can tell but there may be some Marines on board the *Dutch* Fleet? And I dare engage, the *Dutch* will lend 'em some of 'em.

Country-m. Master, some People say, you don't do well to cavil with Mr. *Review*; and that you do it only because he has abus'd the King of *Sweden*, whom you so much admire.

Obs. Not in the least, *Roger*: He has declar'd in Print, to the whole World, that the *English* Constitution was at an End by the *Union* with *Scotland*; which Position is of dangerous Consequence, and tending to make *English*-men Slaves. What the *Treaters*, and what the Parliaments of both Kingdoms did in that Case, was conformable to our Constitution, agreeable to our Laws, and done according to the Precedents and Customs of our Ancestors, who sought all Opportunities to gain Provisions and Confirmation of their Freedoms: And this *Union* is the highest and best Security to our Liberties that can be: A Security that our Fore-fathers often attempted, but in vain; and which is accomplish'd in the happy Reign of Queen *Ann*, which will make her Name glorious and sacred to Posterity.

Roger, whilst I can hold a Pen in my Hand, I shall defend the Queen's Right to the Crown, and the Liberties of her Subjects; and shall oppose all that magnify the Power of the *French* King, and lessen that of the Confederates.

Country-m. Well, Master, what do you think of *Thoulon*, now? There's another Mail arriv'd, and here is the Contents of it upon the *Flying-Post*'s Postscript; but 'tis most *French* News. I wonder at these News-Writers, that they put so much of the *French* Stories in their Papers!

Obs. Roger, 'tis the best Piece of Service they can do, for by that, we learn the Posture of Affairs, from whence we can have no direct Intelligence. I always make my Conclusions from the *French* News, thus; When I find the *Paris Gazette* full of abominable Lies and Falshoods, I presently conclude their Affairs are

in a bad Condition: Lying is their common Refuge; and by this Paper, I as well know, that the *French* Affairs in *Provence* are in a very ill Posture, as if I were there present to see it.

Country-m. Master, the Tories at *London*, say, the Siege of *Thoulon* is rais'd. *Aye*, quo I, *to the Top of* St. Katherine's *Hill, en't it?* Said they, *'Tis rais'd, and the Prince and the Duke are gone Home again.*

Obs. And here they write me Word from *London*, that the Town is taken. These are like the *Irish*-man, that would overtake his Friend before he came at him. They will have the Town taken, before 'tis well invested: 'Tis equal Folly. But let us adjourn this Discourse, 'till the Papers come, it won't be long first.

Country-m. Well, Master, the Prints are come.

Obs. Give me the *Gazette*, *Roger?*

Country-m. —— How d'ye like it, Master?

Obs. Extreamly well, my honest *Country-man*: Here's Ground for Hope; for on this Account we can depend. I challenge the Enemies of the Government, to shew me one contriv'd Falsehood on our *Gazette*, since her Majesty's happy Accession to the Throne. The Court of *Great Britain* needs no such mean Subterfuges to hearten or amuse the People; those are little Tricks and Arts peculiar to the *French* Court, whose Misfortunes are so great, that they dare not shew Things in their true Light, lest the dispirited Subject should pine and languish under their present Circumstances, and under a dreadful Prospect of approaching Evils, yet more afflictive and extream.

I would advise the *French Gazetter*, in his next Legend, to lie a little closer, and make room for others to lie by him, and not tell such Whiskers, as to report, that Princes were kill'd in the Confederate Army, that were never there; and that others that were there, were kill'd or wounded, that were not in the Action.

Country-m. Master, I would fain hear, that our Ships and our Tars were come to Business.

Obs. *Roger*, the Way has been making for them, and I hope at this very Time they are at work.

Country-m. But the *French* say, that they have plac'd such a swinging great Boom in the Enterance to the Harbour, that 'tis impossible for our Ships to get in. Now, Master, if that be an enchanted Boom, like that at *Londonderry*, it may spoil our Sailors Work, and retard the Siege for a long Time.

Obs. Did'st thou never hear of Sir *Cloudsley Shovell*'s Faculty that Way?

Country-m. Not I?

Obs. Why, *Roger*, he has got such a Knack, that if there were a thousand Devils in that Boom, he would drive 'em all out. Fear nothing, every Post will afford us some comfortable Tidings; and 'tis not long, I find, before we shall have our Bonfire.

Country-m. And I will roar purely that Night. —— But, Master, what is all this Bustle and Stir about the Succession to the Principality of *Newcastle?*

Obs. Of *Neufchattel*, thou mean'st. Why, there are many Pretenders that have put in their Claims, most of which are so very dubious, that the Tribunal is at a great Difficulty how to decide it.

Country-m. Is that Prince of *Conti*, the same Person that would have been King of *Poland?*

Obs. The very same.

Country-m. Then, I hope, he will meet with the same Fate.

Obs. The old *French* Bully, huffs, hectors, and bounces, and threatens what he will do on his Behalf; but he's grown a meer empty Sound.

Country-m. I should think it convenient, where the Titles of the Pretenders are so dubious, the People should chuse for themselves a Governor, on whom they may depend for Protection. For a Governor is appointed for the Good of the Governed; he is chosen to be the Guardian of their Liberties; the Conservator of their Laws; and certainly the People are the best Judges, who is fittest for that high Office. The Laws of God and Nature, give 'em a Right of judging in that Case; and that is better than looking into old descent Rolls, tracing of Pedegrees, or hearing Prince *Conti* prove his Title from *Adam*.

Advertisements.

*** Whereas several Persons have pirated the *Quakers Union-Sermon*, in a barbarous Manner, leaving out above a third Part of the Book, and printing their Cheat in a blind Letter, full of Errors and Faults. These are to inform those that have bought the sham Paper, that they are cheated themselves, and that by buying such Papers, they incourage a Sort of Villains, that are worse than High-way-men, Thieves, and Pick-pockets; and that the true Sermon is sold by *B. Bragge*, in *Pater-Noster-Row*. Price 2*d*

These are to give Notice,

*** That *Mary Kirleus*, Widow of *John Kirleus*, Son of Dr. *Thomas Kirleus*, a Collegiate Physician of *London*, and Sworn Physician in Ordinary to King *Charles* II. is the only Person that sells (exactly perpar'd) his Famous Drink and Pill, which is eminently experienc'd to cure all Ulcers, Sôres, Scabs, Itch, Scurfs, Scurvies, Leprosies, Venereal and *French* Disease, Running of the Reins, and all such Malignities, tho' never so inveterate, in all Constitutions, at all Seasons of the Year, hindering no business, without Fluxing or the Use of *Mercury*, which is generally destructive. These Medicines are truly and faithfully prepar'd, as directed by her Husband, and as made and deliver'd to his patients by her in his Life-time, (they being the only persons then that sold it, and to whom the secret was ever imparted.) Therefore beware of several late ignorant Pretenders, for she is the only person that knows the Doctor's Methods of curing, which she practises with great success, as has been several Times mention'd in the *Gazette*. She cures many after Fluxing, compassionates the Distress'd, and deals with all persons according to their Abilities. The Drink is 3*s.* the Quart, the Pills 1*s.* the Box, with Directions; she gives Advice *gratis*. ☞ She is remov'd from the *Glass Lanthorn* in *Plough-Yard*, to the *Golden Ball* in *Hand-Court*, over against *Great Turn-Stile*, in *Holborn*.

*** Your old Physician Dr. *Case*, desires you not to forget him, who cures all Venereal Diseases, or the Grand P—, with all its attending Symptoms, very cheap, pleasant, and no Neglect of Business, in few Days, at *Lilly*'s *Head*, over against *Ludgate Church*, within *Black-Fryars* Gate-way.

‡‡‡ The *Title*, *Preface*, and *Index* to the Fifth Volume of the *Observator*, are to be had at *B. Bragge*'s, at the *Raven* in *Pater-Noster-Row*.

‡‡‡ Advertisements for this Paper, are taken in by *B. Bragge* at the *Raven* in *Pater-Noster-Row*; and *H. Meere*, at the *Black-Fryar* in *Black-Fryars*.

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